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THE  
KNYGHTE  
OF THE  
GOLDEN LOCKS

Preserve



OF THE

GOLDEN LOCKS



THE  
KNYGHTE  
OF THE  
GOLDEN LOCKS:

AN ANCYENT

Poem,

APPLICABLE TO THE PRESENT TIMES,

SELECTED FROM MANY OTHERS IN THE POSSESSION OF

<sup>m.</sup>  
MRS. MORGAN. *R*



Wilsbech:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY JOHN WHITE:

SOLD ALSO BY RIVINGTONS, LONDON; NICHOLSON, CAM-  
BRIDGE; MARSHALL, LYNN; GIBBS, COLCHESTER; AND  
EDWARDS, ELY.

—♦—  
(PRICE ONE SHILLING.)

—♦—  
1799.

THE  
KNYGHTE  
OF THE  
GOLDEN FLOCKS



MRS. MORGAN

London:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY JOHN WHITE,

1822. ALSO BY RICHARDSON, LONDON; NICHOLSON, CAM-  
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## THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

---

**A**T a time when there is scarcely a town in England, that has not, its Loyal Association for the defence of the kingdom—When persons of all ranks have voluntarily stepped forward and offered their services to the best of Monarchs, it cannot be unpleasing to the public to behold a character held up to view, that does as much honour to former times, as, I trust, hundreds of the same rank will do to these, now that they are in the like manner called forth. I trust too, that this Poem comes out with peculiar propriety at this time, when so many noblemen and gentlemen are about to leave their charming situations, “their halls and towers,” the society of their accom-

A

plished wives, and the sweet task of superintending the education of their children. I will not prophesy, that

*"Many a lady will lose her love,"*

but I am sure, that every lady who loves her husband as she ought to do, will think her own lord, and her own situation, described in this Poem.

The Poem, now before you, is not in Dr. PERCY's Collection, or in any other that I have ever met with. I sincerely believe it to be an original, and never before in print, and as such I present it to the public. I confess, the very great attention, the world has paid to those curious specimens of ancient poetry, and ancient manners, is one inducement for drawing this from its obscure situation in my commonplace book, amidst a number of other poems, which at various times have struck my imagination.

Being on a visit at an early age, in a family of no small consequence in the polite as well as literary spheres\*, Dr. PERCY's ancient ballads fell into my

\* Admiral Sir Joseph Knight's, whose daughter, Miss Cornelia Knight, has distinguished herself by her Continuation of Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*, her *Marcus Flaminius*, &c. &c.



hands, and I was so captivated with many of them, that they made an indelible impression on my memory. At a future period I perused them with equal avidity and delight, and from that time, made it my business to enquire of every literary friend for fragments of ancient poetry. This poem, though it may not bear marks of very great antiquity, yet is sufficiently stamp'd, by the simplicity of its style, the few and natural images used in it, and the customs to which it alludes, to entitle it to be called ancient. It may perhaps be more pleasing to the generality of readers for not being in the most obsolete diction and orthography. Few people take a pleasure, as I do, in reading such very old poems as Child Waters, Syr Cauline, O! Edward, Edward, &c. as indeed they may almost be said to include the study of another language.

It is probable, that this poem characterized some chieftain or nobleman, whose amiable manners, domestic virtues, great talents, and approved loyalty, in times of intestine broils and foreign wars, which the opening of the poem seems to indicate, deservedly endeared him to his king and his country. May it

serve as a spur to those, who admire the character, to imitate so bright an example.

Notwithstanding the original is not written in the very oldest dialect, I have been advised to alter some of the most obsolete words, in order to make it more agreeable to common readers, and to those who are not conversant with the ancient mode of spelling. Perhaps I might have called it ancient spelling without mode at all; as, before there were rules laid down, every one spelt according as he pronounced. Any reader who will take the trouble to look into PERCY's Collection, will soon be convinced, that the same word is spelt several different ways in the same poem, nay even in the same stanza\*. However, to satisfy the minds of my more curious readers, I shall give them some stanzas in their primitive orthography.

1.

Auld Englonde lang wi faes was vext,  
 That awre the fault sea came;  
 Zet, she need na fear as mony mare.  
 Giff she had nane at hame.

\* One instance may serve as well as many, see PERCY's Collection, vol. 3. page 98, Gib Morrice.

*Dame ye maun to the gude grene wad,  
 You maun gae to the gude greene wade.*



5.

Thare duelt all in a statelye ha  
 A lorde fa braive and free,  
 To wyeld the brand he wa'd na flynche,  
 Zet a winsome lorde was hee.

19.

Quhat now! quhat now! ye mun na gae,  
 Na leave me in such fort;  
 For my kyrle of gowd that was fa lang  
 O! now it is fou short.

In short, from Gammer Grutton's Needle, down to the most polished poem in Dr. PERCY's Collection, no rule can be found in the *spelling*, by which it may be ascertained exactly in what reign, or at what period, any of the old poems were written.

The author's acquaintance with many of the beautiful ancient poems now extant might be proved in almost every stanza of this poem; but to avoid being tedious and minute in my remarks, I shall only instance a few striking parallels at the bottom of the pages. I shall likewise, for the same reasons,

only explain a few of the most obsolete words now remaining in the poem, which could not be modernized on account of the rhymes, or their appropriated beauty to the subject. For the rest I shall refer the readers to PERCY's Glossary, which will no doubt explain them to their entire satisfaction.

## MARY MORGAN.

*Wisbech, February 1st, 1799.*



The author of the beautiful  
ancient poems in Dr. Percy's Collection  
every stanza of which is  
replete and minute in its remarks. I shall only  
instance a few striking parallels at the bottom of  
the pages. I shall likewise, for the same reason,





## *The Knyghte of the Golden Locks :*

*An Ancyent Poem.*

---

**A**ULD Englonde long wyth foes was vext,  
That o'er the salt sea came :  
Yet, she need not fear as mony more,  
Iff she had none at hame.

But ah ! wythin her awn bosome,  
She nourysht cruel spyghtes,  
And men, who wou'd no homage doe  
To kynge, nor lordes, nor knyghtes.

All wode (1) wyth pryde, and feke (2) wyth wealthe,  
Wyth (3) mycle ire and dule,  
They cryed wee wyll not them obey,  
Wee wyll the kyngdome rule.

<sup>1</sup> Mad.  
anger and grief.

<sup>2</sup> Sick, gorged, puffed up with riches.

<sup>3</sup> Much

The prynces, knyghtes, and barons bould (1),  
 All strave (2) their ire to quell;  
 And mony a ladye lost her love,  
 Who in the baytale (3) fell.

There dwelt all in a statelie hall  
 A lorde so brave and free,  
 To wield the brand (4) he wou'd not flynch,  
 Yet a wynsome lorde (5) was he.

Hys golden locks flow'd o'er hys back,  
 And softly luk'd hys eyne (6),  
 Hys speech was myld as Summer's ayre,  
 All courteous (7) was hys meyn.

Hys halls and tow'rs (8) were passyng fyne,  
 Yet he freely wou'd them leave;  
 Cou'd he but keep the foes at bay,  
 Which fair hys cuntrye grieve.

A Scots earle's dochter (9) fayre he wed,  
 Her smyles they dyd hym wyn,  
 He wanted not her golden dow'r,  
 Nor yet her noble kyn (10).

1 Bold.                      2 Strove.                      3 Battle.                      4 Sword.  
 5 Engaging in manners, winning, attractive.                      6 Softly looked  
 his eyes.                      7 Courteous was his behaviour.                      8 Formerly  
 all splendyd houses had towers or turrets at the top of them.  
 9 Daughter.                      10 Kindred, alliance.



For he was passyng rich and great;  
 But the treasures of hys mind  
 Were to all men more precyous far,  
 Than beauty, gold, or kynd.

The kynge to hys knyghte wyth golden locks,  
 Bad hys herault (1) fast to ge,  
 Quo' he, yn my rhelm there's nane more fyt  
 To quell my foes than he.

'Twas on a snowy month i'th' morne,  
 That as the herault ryd;  
 The lorde's tow'rs glytter'd in the sun,  
 And oft in cloudes were hyd.

But now he came to the brazen gate,  
 Where he full loude dyd call;  
 And soon as off hys steed he lyght,  
 He bounc'd into the hall.

There sat the lorde and ladye bryghte,  
 Where they were fayne (2) to dyne.  
 In crystall cups they served were  
 Wi' th' costly bloud reid (3) wyne,

1 Herald.

2 Accustomed.

3 Blood-red, a common term in old songs for port-wine.

The dame turn'd pale, the lorde turn'd reid,  
 And off hys seat dyd spryng.  
 He cry'd, what news, what news bryng ye?  
 How fares my leyge the kynge?

The kynge now sends for hys trustye knyghte,  
 The herault bold reply'd;  
 You must go quell hys enemys  
 Your lealty (1) is try'd

The ladye sygh'd, the ladye wept (2),  
 One whyle her colour fled,  
 And then agayn all presentlie  
 She blush'd crymarfon (3) reid.

As once the reid rose and the whyte  
 All for the mast'ry strave (4);  
 So in her cheeks they now contend,  
 Whych shall the conquest have.

O! woe is me, she loudly cryed,  
 Her lily hands she wrung,  
 "Ah! that I ne'er had seen thy face,  
 Or heard thy filler tongue.

1 Loyalty.      2 See PERCY'S Collection. The child of Elle.

"Fair Emmeline figh'd, fair Emmeline wept."

3 Crimfon.

4 Strove.



Nay now, nay now, you must not go,  
 Nor leave me in such sort;  
 For my kirtle (1) of gold that was so long,  
 O! now it is full short.

But if that you must surely gang,  
 I'll go along wyth thee,  
 In my kylted (2) kyrtle I'll thynk no shame  
 A lyttle below my knee.

I'll hang a bugle (3) about my neck,  
 And be your lyttle foot page (4),  
 For I know when we're amang the foes,  
 You'll fend me fra they'r rage.

Then I shall at thy bed's foot lye (5),  
 And watch ye whyle ye sleip,  
 Thy soul and body I'll wakand and pray  
 A thousand angels to keip.

And shou'd you in the baytale (6) fall,  
 I'll fynd you by your vest,  
 Whych in my bow'r (7) I purfled (8) ower  
 Eke (9) the ster (10) upon your breast.

1 Petticoat. 2 Rising up, or caught up. 3 A Small hunting horn. 4 It was no uncommon thing for ladies to attend their husbands to the wars as pages. 5 They were then so humble as to lie at the foot of their lord's bed, to watch him whilst he slept. 6 Battle. 7 Bower, any elegantly decorated room. 8 Embroidered. 9 Also. 10 Star, such as noblemen used always to be known by.

But iff you were unkyver'd (1) lay'd,  
 I surely shou'd you ken (2)  
 All by the strayghtnes of your leg,  
 And the whytness of your skyn.

I'll draw thee from the bloody fyeld  
 All under a shady beeche,  
 Then search for herbs, that swagand (3) are,  
 And be thy skylfull leache (4).

On leaves I'll gentlye law the down,  
 And gard you from all harm,  
 And rest thy cauld, cauld forehead dear  
 Upon my tender arm.

Forbear, forbear these bodeing fears,  
 The brave knyght gently cryed:  
 They ill become my noble spouse.  
 Yet he strave a sygh to hyde.

Your hands are as the marble whyte,  
 With the blue veynes rynnyng (5) through:  
 Your nayls are lyke the fylbert nut  
 In shape and colour too.

1 Uncovered.

2 Know.

3 Alluage, to mitigate pain.

4 Formerly the ladies performed the office of surgeons, and dressed the wounds of their husbands and lovers. See Percy's Collection, page 42, Syr Cauline.

5 Running.



You shall not stayn them wi' my bloud,  
 Tho' nevir (1) so fast it flow,  
 Nor on thy tender lily arm  
 Support my cauld, cauld brow.

Thynk on thy noble auncestry,  
 That for their londe (2) dyd bleid.  
 Of me shou'd your tears a coward make,  
 That were a naughty deed.

O ! then, O ! then you wou'd hym hate,  
 That now you love so dear ;  
 And all your clan wou'd joy to see  
 Hym on hys funeral bier.

Have you not many a hopeful bearn,  
 Who wants your reid (3) and care ?  
 Cheer up, and in your painted bow'r  
 Let them your counsail (4) share.

And shou'd I for my country bleid,  
 As some of your kyn (5) have done ;  
 O ! lyve, and for to do the same  
 Excite my darlyng son.

1 Never.      2 Land, country.      3 Instruction.      4 Advice.  
 5 Kindred.

O! tell by day, and tell by nyght,  
 How hys fader (1) dear dyd bleid (2);  
 That he in such a noble cause  
 To dye may nevir dreid (3).

She fygh'd, and sweetly then essay'd  
 In smyles her to adorne,  
 And seem'd all thro' her shynard (4) tears  
 Just lyke an Apryl morne.

Fra the pyn (5) he teuk hys coat of mayl,  
 Likewise hys burnysh'd brand,  
 It was beset wi' costly stonnes,  
 And well became hys hand.

Hys bever was lyke the coal black jet,  
 Hys plume the snow whyte hue;  
 And underneathe hys blue eyne beam'd  
 A kynd and long adyeu.

And now he for hys chyldren call'd,  
 And to the eldest say'd,  
 Speak comfort to your mider (6) dear.  
 Then tapp'd hys yellow head.

1 Father.

2 Bleed.

3 Dread.

4 Shining.

5 From the pin, (the hook it hung upon) he took his coat of mail,

6 Mother. 7 See Adam O' Gordon, page 122,

"And clear, clear was his yellow hair,

"Whereon the reid bluid dreips."



To the young one he hys arms held out,  
 She was hys heart's delygth,  
 But the bever black and plume fa whyte  
 The babe dyd fare affryght (1).

Afyde hys helm he gently lay'd,  
 And clasp'd her to hys heart,  
 She 'bout hys manly neck dyd twyne,  
 As they wou'd nevyr part.

Then he to hys squyres and livery men (2),  
 Go saddle my bayard steed,  
 The same that carry'd me thro' the fen,  
 When o'er my londs (3) I ryd.

O! happy horse, the ladye cry'd, (4)  
 And strok'd his raynbow neck,  
 Ga safely take your lorde, and O!  
 As safely bryng hym back.

Your reynes I'll deck with studds of gold,  
 Your cloth shall be velvet,  
 Your shoone shall be of pure filler, (5)  
 Your saddle of bryght scarlet.

1 See the Iliad, The parting of Hector and Andromache. 2 It is well known, that every knight had his squire and livery men to attend him. 3 Lands, estates. 4 See Antony and Cleopatra, "O! happy horse to bear the weight of Antony." 5 Silver shoes. See PRACY, vol. 1, page 116, "And filler shoone behind."

No more, no more, my lovely dear,  
 I must hold sweet delay.  
 I wyll obey the kyng's commands,  
 And hye me far away.

But once agayn he sweetly kyft,  
 And preft them o'er and o'er,  
 Then braſted (1) forth lyke lyghtnyng ſwift  
 Out of the brazen (2) doore.

Then they all ryn (3), as they were wode (4),  
 So faſt to the turrets hyght;  
 They felt not the three hundred ſteps  
 Up to its top-moſt hyght (5).

They watch'd him o'er the hylls and downes  
 And thought that bayard flew (6).  
 No one wou'd ſtir, tyll he became  
 As ſmall as a knat to view (7).

1 Burſted.

2 Formerly the doors of great halls and caſtles  
 were covered with braſs.

3 Ran.

4 Mad.

5 See Percy

vol. 1. page 121,

"The ladye ryn up to her towir head"

"Sa faſt as ſhe could drie."

6 His beautiful bay horſe.

7 See Symbeline, page 112,

Imogin. "I would have broke mine eye ſtrings, crack'd them but to look  
 upon him; till the diminution of ſpace had pointed him ſharpe as my  
 needle; next followed him, till he had melted from the ſmallneſs of a knat,  
 to air," &c.



No more I'll busk (1) the ladye say'd,  
 So wae begone was she;  
 A whyte robe shall my lymbs enshryne,  
 To shew how pure I'll be.

Then quyk she dafft (2) her gownd of green (3),  
 Her sylk shoon off she threw,  
 Na wad she deck her ancle gimp (4)  
 In hose of pearly blue.

Her perfled (5) kerchyef (6) and her ryngs (7),  
 That shynand (8) in the mirk (9),  
 None wou'd she wear, saif (10) only that,  
 He guid (11) her in the kirk (12).

As she lay on her sylken bed,  
 When sleip fast lock'd her eyne,  
 She dreamed of her dearest lorde,  
 As do good wyves I ween.

And often then beheld her love,  
 With many a ghastry wound;  
 Or else by treach'rous foe-men slayn,  
 Or deep in dungeon bound.

- |                 |            |                                   |
|-----------------|------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 Drefs.        | 2 Put off. | 3 Green was then thought the most |
| elegant colour. | 4 Slender. | 5 Embroidered.                    |
| 6 Handkerchief. | 7 Rings.   | 8 Shineth.                        |
| 9 Dark.         | 10 Except. | 11 Gave.                          |
| 12 Church.      |            |                                   |

In her paynted bow'r, in her garden went,  
Her heart finds na content,  
Saif when sad-friently phylomel  
Returns her last lament.

Then will she sit, till gentle nyght,  
Her starry pall puts on,  
Or lyke herselfe the queen of heav'n  
From the cloudes has myldly shon.

She hates the day, she shuns the sun;  
Her woes he doubly mocks:  
He 'mynds her of her lorde's fond love  
And of hys golden locks.

But time wou'd fayle, and ye be tyrd,  
Was all the muse to tell,  
How much she lov'd her lorde so dear,  
How he deserv'd so well.

And more it bootles (1) were to say  
In this do all agree,  
She cou'd not love her lorde too well,  
So much deserved he.

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F T N I S



